



# Olivia



👁 522 ✓ 59 ★ 42

## Chapter 1 by Ayla Cerise

Since a very young age, Olivia had always felt different from the others. The greys, as she called them. She was always dreadfully sad to be in the world she lived in. Houses were grey, clothes were grey, pillows, shoes, walls, and lampshades were grey. Everything surrounding her was this terribly dull color because of the society's new rules. And she hated what Earth had come to be. As she slipped on her grey shoes and walked down the grey stairs, she knew what she had to do.

## Chapter 2 by Coraline Castell



She would either become the change she wanted to see in the world, or she would flee to another one.

She went into the grey kitchen and opened a box of cereal. The grey refrigerator held the white milk she so craved. She poured the white liquid into the grey cereal held by the metallic grey bowl and began to chew spoonfuls of the mixture. *It still tastes as though it was still colorful.*

As she chewed, swallowed and dived her silver spoon in the white milk mechanically, she let her mind wonder.

"Mommy, why is the milk white?" She had heard that little girl ask her mother one day. "Because, my child," she had replied, "some things are just white."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Tales were told about the world that should not be greyed. A land of colour.

She scrunched her face and in another fit of anger threw the bowl at the wall. The milk slid down the grey surface as the bowl and spoon hit the floor with a loud mixture of various *clinks*.

*I want my brushes and my paint tubes back.* Olivia thought angrily. *No, I need them. Grey pills only go so far.* But she knew it was useless.

Defiance had cost her too much that one time already.

Scratching her bald head, she rose to clean the mess she had caused.

*I want my bright red hair back.*

### Chapter 3 by cami holmes



**\*The only genuine color that appeared in her world was the sky. She loved to observe and admire the sky.\***

She grabbed a grey towel and cleaned up the white milk, tears rushed to her eyes as she remembered all the times she had done this, her mother was usually the one to clean it up, she sank to the grey tile, tears dripping from her face falling on her grey dress, "why," she had said, "Why was this beautiful world changed to nothingness, why was everything I had once loved taken from me."

She thought for a long while, finally realizing what she had to do. She got up, and grabbed her bow and quiver, she latched on her mother's pure bronze sword to her new clothes, grey jeans, and a grey spaghetti strap tank top. She grabbed her emergency backpack her father had made, memories flushed into her mind, she saw her painting the sunset with her mother and father watching her with smiles on their faces, she felt a burning sensation in her chest, one that made her want to murder, "I will take everything from them, I will kill them all, they took what I treasured most, now I will take what they treasure most!"

She ran out the door, her grey vans hit the grey ground hard, making her legs buckle a little, she looked up, the crimson leaves on the trees sparkling in the crisp air. She soaked up the sunlight

then ran, the arrows in her quiver clanked against the grey metal frame. She was ready to take on the society, the demons that it hid, and her mother and murdered them in front of her, she knew that she would make it, it felt to her skin, she

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

## Chapter 4 by CallMeFuzzy



She made her way through the streets with a fiery passion. It was the greatest passion of all: a purpose. She smiled broadly as she remembered her bright green eyes. They can't take those from her. No matter how hard they tried. No matter what, they were hers. They were her one little piece of defiance. They were her mothers too. They were the piece of her she kept. Nobody knew it. It was her secret.

She stopped short at the giant grey doors in front of her. The sign above them said: "Capitol Police". She thought about how many other police stations she had stood at, preparing herself to go in. She would walk in, do her job, and leave. Just like that.

A couple years back, a little kid saw her leaving one in Texas. He wrote the only eyewitness description of her ever submitted. The only two things he managed to remember were her green eyes, and the angel wing tattoo on the back of her neck. That was what earned her her nickname: Angel.

## Chapter 5 by Abby Humphries



It was cold in there. She felt it as soon as she entered the main lobby. Nobody looked up from what they were doing. Could they be as tired of the drab as she was? The ho-hum of the every day seemed to drag everyone down. But they kept going. On some imaginary steam. It wasn't what kept her going. It was her anger and her need for vengeance. She told herself long ago that they would all pay for what they had done to her, to her parents, to her family, to the world. She wasn't this monster they had turned her into. She hadn't been this hungry for justice since she could remember. This is who she was now and she had to accept it. Not that she wanted to. She had no choice. She pulled out an arrow, strung it in her bow, pulled it back, aimed, and fired. It struck the man in the chest. Close to the heart. Not close enough, she thought. She ran before anyone could see where the shot had come from. Ran until she was out of breath. She stopped at the fountain in the square five blocks away. To catch her breath. She couldn't help but to see her own reflection in the water. The reflection of a killer. He hadn't been her first. Nor would he

be her last. He had it coming. That was certain. Yet she didn't enjoy ending his life. It was what had to be done. So that she and

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account



In a tiny two bedroom apartment across town, a baby wails in torment. It is as if the little one somehow senses her father's life is now ending. Swathed in faded grey blankets, the child does not understand the heavy sadness that has suddenly overwhelmed her tiny sleeping mind. All little Lily Sunderland understands is that there is a terrifying emptiness in this moment as she awakens. The lingering feeling is so deep and so lonely that it causes her heart to ache. The baby screams and tears stream down her sallow face. Her mother, Helen, working on the brink of utter exhaustion picks the child up and tries to soothe away whatever nightmare has startled the baby from her midday nap.

"Come now Lily, let's not wake your siblings." Helen's voice quietly rasps with the same gravel that many young adults were prone to have. The effect came from too many days outside exposed to a smog and silt laden atmosphere. It had left the woman's vocal chords permanently scarred. The air filtration systems in the poorer parts of town could rarely keep up with the amount of noxious winds that would blow down from the heart of the Capitol City. Helen secretly hated it here, but she followed her husband Robert wherever his career in the Capitol Police Department would take him. It was a life of constant changes, as the police force would assign the best of their men to the most difficult of city territories. It meant constantly moving, constantly having to rebuild, constantly having few friends and very distant relatives. But it was his passion and it was what Helen loved about Robert.

Little did she know, in twenty minutes time that she would receive a phone call that would change her fate forever. With Lily now babbling happily on her hip, the nightmare long forgotten, Helen draws water into her grey steel pot. They would eat grey grained rice tonight served with a few shreds of pale chicken leftover from their meal four days ago. Meat was a rare commodity unless you were a wealthy aristocrat. Robert had splurged Sunday and bought the chicken for their seven year wedding anniversary. Never would it cross their minds that it would be the last year they would ever celebrate together.

Olivia had changed their world forever. With one arrow, the girl with a bow had wiped away an entire chapter of Lily's life. She was no longer a daughter with a father to protect her. Now Lily,

her mother, and her siblings were thrown into a harsh world to battle on their own.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 7 by @oliviap



Login

or

Create new account

A sing song chirp of the te... way from the pot... simmering on the stove, Lily giggles and tries to snatch the electronic device from her mother's

hands but Helen is able to keep it out of the baby's grasping fingers. Not many people owned phones in the common lower class world. Because Robert was part of the police force, he and Helen were both required to have their own government issued devices in case of emergencies.

"Hello?" Helen answers while smiling and poking at the mischievous little girl's belly. Lily squeals with delight.

"Mrs. Sunderland, can you please come down to the Police Station?" The male voice on the phone is monotone and emotionless.

Helen's chest immediately tightens, the joy she just felt teasing her child vanishes in cold rush of panic even though no revealing information has come across the line. "Yes, of course. Is Robert okay?"

The long pause tells Helen all she needs to know before the man on the other end responds mechanically, "There's been an incident involving Officer Sunderland, ma'am. It would be best if you came down here as soon as possible."

"I will be right there." Helen hangs up the phone and sets Lily down in her faded grey wooden crib in the living room. The child whimpers as she's put off while Helen rushes around the apartment gathering her things. The forgotten rice in the pot on the stove begins to burn, sending soft swirling plumes of grey smoke into the air. A smoke detector goes off in the hallway and wakes up the other two children from their afternoon naps.

Billy, who is six and Erica, who is four, come out from their bedroom with groggy eyes and a look of worry. Helen dashes to the kitchen to put the burning pot of food under running water in the sink. Tears blur her vision from the acrid smoke as much as the terror in her heart. The smoke alarm is still screeching when a sharp knock at the apartment door causes her yelp with surprise.

"Mrs. Sunderland? Mrs. Sunderland is everything alright? This is Marigold Applecott from across the hall!" The old woman's voice is loud and tentative as if she's afraid to speak.

See more of Story Wars

"Billy, open the door for Miss Applecott!" Helen calls out to her six-year-old son to greet their neighbor while she rushes over into the hallway.

Login

or

Create new account

"Well hello, Billy. Thank you for letting me in. Is everything alright?" Like everyone else, Marigold's cotton dress is a dingy grey color. At one time it looks as if the material had a faint flower pattern printed on it, but the details now only seemed to show a dark spatter of blurry grey flower shaped spots. The fabric matches the silver hair on the woman's head. There were varying colors of dark grey and whitish waves wound into tidy curls pinned in place by well hidden clips.

Marigold marches in past Billy and starts poking and prodding around the apartment without any further invitation. It was an annoying habit the woman had, but Helen had long since grown used to the nosy old widow. It didn't take Marigold long to find the pot of burnt rice still steaming in the sink. "Ah, well. Dinner got away from you then." Marigold sighs as if disappointed by Helen's carelessness and the waste of precious food.

With a hard twist of the battery connector, Helen is finally able to yank out the power supply to the fire alarm and end its ear splitting waves of commotion. Helen hurries into the kitchen and sets the battery on the counter as she greets her neighbor at last. "Mrs. Applecott, I'm glad you're here. There's an emergency down at the Police Station and I must leave immediately. Can I bother you to mind the children for a little while?"

The desperation in Helen's pale blue eyes chase away Marigold's desire to be persnickety about babysitting someone else's children. The young mother looks as if she was teetering on the edge of a nervous breakdown. "You go then and I'll find us some dinner. I'll make a pot of bean soup and some bread for the little ones."

Helen heaves a sigh of relief and repeats the words, 'Thank you' almost a dozen times as she kisses her children then rushes out the door. She didn't have a car and waiting for the bus could take almost a half hour or more. Helen does not want to have to run through the hazy, smog laden streets but it is her only choice. Surprisingly, the pollution isn't terrible today. A rare sunny blue sky greets her outside of the apartment building. The air filtration towers buzz and hum as if they are happy for the brief day of relief from a normally overburdening work load.

The young mother immediately takes off running like the hounds of hell are nipping at her heels. The exertion leaves her chest aching as her grey tennis shoes hit the pavement with every ounce of force. Her husband, running to find out her broken fate. It is a red throat burns like molten lava as she struggles to bring enough oxygen down into her lungs.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Halfway to the Police Station, Helen's endurance falters. Her legs cramp and she is forced to walk through the small neighborhood square. As she passes the fountain, she sees a young girl sitting at the edge of the water staring down into the pool. What Helen doesn't see is the bow and quiver of arrows that Olivia has setting on the ground next to her feet.

## Chapter 8 by windfox



"I'm sorry Mrs. Sunderland, the shot was fatal. There was nothing anyone could do, the arrow severed the artery to his heart. He bled out almost instantly." The words make her vision warp as she watches the black and white security video play over the screen of the mobile tablet. Helen sees the girl enter the station, draw back the bowstring and let the bolt fly directly into the center of her husband's chest. The dark black spot of blood instantly blossoms on his white uniform shirt, the monotone security feed at least buffers away the bright red gore pouring from his wound. Helen's eyes absorb the scene but her mind struggles to make sense of the information.

"B-but how? Who is this girl? Why?" Helen's questions tumble out all at once as she forces her eyes away from the monitor.

"Well, that's what we were hoping you could tell us. Did Robert have any enemies? Any individuals who would want to hurt him? Any outstanding debts?" The Police Chief clears his throat nervously before he murmurs quietly, "Any extramarital affairs?"

Helen's anger breaks the reigns of self restraint and she looks coldly at the head of the department as she responds, "No, Chief Galis, Robert did not have any enemies, nor anyone who would want to hurt him, and he certainly was not in debt or involved in any extramarital affairs. But this," Helen points to the monitor, "This is not the first officer randomly murdered execution style inside or on the premises of a Police Station in the city fringes in the past six months. So, Sir, before you question me about my husband's morals, maybe you should instead be asking yourself why your men and women all seem to have targets on their backs?"

Everyone else in the Police Station suddenly seem to find themselves shuffling papers and looking very busy while the new Police Chief Samuel Galis have a verbal standoff. "Mrs. Sunderland, I am sorry."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account